

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

In the new number of 'The Review of Reviews,' Mr. Stead presents, as his 'Book of the Month,' Mr. Grant Allen's Study on 'The evolution of the Idea of God': but we are inclined to think that Mr. Stead's choice was a little guided by the discovery that Mr. Allen's book played somewhat into his hands. For instance, Mr. Stead naïvely says:—

There is another reason for welcoming this book, and that is because of the testimony which it renders to the part which a belief in Spirit Return has played in the history of our race. It is indeed hardly too much to say that Mr. Grant Allen makes the ghost the primal mainspring of the religion of the world. Mr. Grant Allen, unfortunately, does not believe in ghosts. He does not know that they exist. Those of us who know that they exist, naturally welcome the testimony of an unbeliever as to the influence of the ghost on the life of man. Religion, says Mr. Grant Allen, 'has one element in it still older, more fundamental, and more persistent than any mere belief in a God or ghost. That element is the conception of the life of the dead. On the primitive belief in such life all religion ultimately bases itself.' It is also the latest thing to survive in religion. 'For many modern Spiritualists who have ceased to be Theists, or to accept any other form of the supernatural, nevertheless go on believing in the continued existence of the dead, and the possibility of intercommunication between them and the living.' This, which is the earliest manifestation of religious thought, and persists throughout as one of its most salient and irrepressible features, is the bedrock of Christianity and of all the other creeds of which Christianity is the sublimated essence.

The Cult of the Dead, says Mr. Grant Allen, which is the earliest origin of all religion, is also the last relic of the religious spirit which survives the gradual decay of faith due to modern scepticism:—

'To this cause I refer on the whole the spiritualistic utterances of so many among our leaders of modern science. They have rejected religion, but they cannot reject the inherited and ingrained religious emotions of the race.'

That is Mr. Grant Allen's way of putting it; but if instead of taking Mr. Grant Allen's version of why it is that so many of our leaders of modern science believe in Spirit Return, and the persistence of the individual after death, we were to ask the men themselves, we should find that they do not base their faith on 'inherited and ingrained religious emotions.' Professor Crookes, Alfred R. Wallace, and Camille Flammarion, to name only three among eminent men of science, would each and all tell us that, so far from being dominated by ingrained religious emotions, they have been compelled to admit the truth to which they have borne testimony by the irresistible force of evidence which, as honest men, they could not reject. They know that these things are true.

As we read chapter after chapter of his book, and see the evidence in almost every page of the influence which the invisible world has had upon the visible, we marvel that so acute and honest an investigator never seems to have asked himself

whether after all the practically unanimous testimony of the human race, beginning with the primitive savage and ending with our 'leaders of modern science,' ought not to count for more than it seems to do with him in considering the factors which contribute to evolve the idea of God in the mind of man.

Our friend across the Atlantic, Joseph H. Crooker, in a discourse on 'The spirits in prison,' and Peter's saying that, Jesus 'went and preached' to them, after giving an enlightening summary of Christian thoughts in all ages concerning this quaint but beautiful old tradition, says:—

The 'spirits in prison'? Yes, they are still the objects of our sympathy and our service. But the 'spirits in prison,' for whom our hearts yearn and our hands labour, are those who beset the pathway of our daily life.

When I sat, some years ago, on the platform of the chapel of the Woman's Reformatory at Sherborn, Mass., and looked at the hundreds of faces so full of sad histories, I felt, Here are the real 'spirits in prison,' imprisoned, not by these bars and walls, but by the passions that stir their breasts, and the bonds of evil inheritance that beset both body and soul. And I thought, also, as I sat there, They are here, not so much to be punished—though punished they are—as to be emancipated, liberated by industry that builds up the physical basis of womanhood, by study that opens a wide door into an ideal world full of joy and inspiration, by hope that kindles new fires on long desolate altars of the heart, and by love which dissolves away the impurities of lust, and opens deep fountains of purer motive power.

We welcome a second edition of Mr. R. H. Vincent's important work on 'The elements of Hypnotism: The induction, the phenomena, and the physiology of Hypnosis'; one of 'The International Scientific Series,' published by Kegan Paul and Co. Mr. Vincent sniffs at Spiritualism and Theosophy and, in relation to the scientific world, classes these with 'mesmerism,' 'animal magnetism,' and 'electro-biology.' He moreover sharply marks off 'the hypnotic state *per se*' from Telepathy, Thought-reading, Clairvoyance, &c. We do not object. It is highly desirable that every man should work at this subtle subject in his own way, and swear by his own path. The roads will all meet some day; and we shall look in each other's faces and smile.

Mr. Vincent's strength is in his cases, which are numerous, varied, and extremely interesting. If only for the sake of these, his book deserves special notice. It is significant that in this new edition he has dropped a good deal of his strong bias against, or assault upon, 'the various superstitions connected with the subject,' and that he has chiefly turned his attention to the Physiology of Hypnosis. He will perhaps find in Physiology something to instruct him concerning the 'superstitions.' We hope so.

A writer in 'The Harbinger of Light' says:—

Tennyson had one of those open and receptive minds which are accessible to new truths, from whatsoever quarter they might reach him. Being a great poet, he was necessarily a medium; and listening to the voice of inspiration, when the poets of old breathed their exquisite music into his ears, he did not close them to the other messengers who came to him from

the Unseen. And when the change came, that comes to all, the transition was easy and beautiful; and he immediately recognised the spiritual origin of his poetry; for, speaking to the present writer, through the lips of the late Mrs. Burbank, on November 5th, 1893, he said:—‘I am now only just learning the poetry of heaven; the accents of which are continually vibrating in my ears; and, as I listen, each note seems to become sweeter, richer, deeper, more melodious and god-like, than the last. At times I feel as if the very air I breathe were permeated and saturated by that grand and glorious music called Love; and a longing takes possession of me to come back to earth; to pick up the broken thread I dropped when I passed away from it, and to tune my voice afresh to higher themes. I now know that I wrote under control; and that I was a mere empty vessel when the inspiration ceased. . . . For what are we? Mere strings of an instrument for higher intelligences to play upon; these acting in obedience to God, who is the Author of all pure and noble, all great and good ideas. . . . The world set me on a very high pinnacle of fame; made me the poet laureate; ennobled me and magnified my name. But what would the casket have been, without the jewel it contained? That, only, was of any worth, I mean the genius, which is the gift of God. O, pride, pomp, and circumstance! strip off your trappings; and cast your crown and sceptre to the ground; for ye are all nought, unless enriched and fortified by that Divine Love, of which I fain would sing. . . . I was only an instrument, I repeat, and yet what honours were paid me! But they all crumbled into dust when I came here. And if I were able to speak to those who ennobled me, and crowned me king of verse, they would only receive my words with derision. ‘It cannot be the late poet-laureate,’ they would exclaim; and yet it is I, Alfred Tennyson.

‘The Gospel of Humaneness:’ a selection from the writings of Count Tolstoi (London: The Ideal Publishing Union), is a little book abounding in rousing thoughts set forth with inimitable grace, simplicity and force; though some might say that not a little in the ‘Confessions’ is repulsive. There is always something intensely penetrating in Tolstoi’s very style. Agree with him or not, how real he always is to us! The secret is discoverable in these ‘Confessions’ which, however, in this book of selections, leave off at a critical moment. The main object of the book is to fight selfishness, slaughter-houses, alcohol and tobacco-smoking.

Dr. Peebles, in ‘The Philosophical Journal,’ says:—

Do you remember the epitaph that orthodox sectarists are said to have composed for Paine’s tombstone? Here it is:

Poor Tom Paine, here he lies;
Nobody laughs, nobody cries:
Where he’s gone, or how he fares,
Nobody knows—and nobody cares.

And yet I saw, actually saw, a few nights ago, in a vision, Thomas Paine and John Wesley standing in the illuminated heavens side by side, arm in arm, holding sweet counsel together touching the spiritual unfolding and uplifting of humanity.

We earnestly hope that the vision represented the reality. It is extremely likely.

In ‘The Open Court’ for November, Mr. James Odgers presents a thoughtful little essay on ‘The Religion of Science: The Worship of Beneficence.’ In this Essay, we find one of the best because simplest expositions of the new idea of God, as chiefly set forth by Dr. Carus. Mr. Odgers says:—

Avoiding the mistake made by Comte, who, in eliminating the idea of God from scientific religion, broke away from the past; and avoiding also the error of Mr. Herbert Spencer in regarding the ‘Unknowable’ as the basis of religion; Dr. Carus maintains the religious continuity by regarding God as our conception of the everlasting and universal power whose modes of working, around us and within, condition the whole life of man and are the final ethical authority. God, in this sense, is the representation in feeling and thought of the only reality, and

with the growth of knowledge and increased loyalty to a scientific and progressive ethical standard, the god-idea approximates more and more to this reality.

So once more we find a definition well known to many of our readers coming into the ruling place;—‘God is the inmost uplifting life of all things.’ Now if that is so, it is quite evident that true Science, which simply means true knowledge, will lead to ‘The worship of Beneficence.’ But what is that but the old doctrine over again; ‘God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him’?

The conclusion of Mr. Odgers’ Essay is very thoughtful and spiritually rich:—

As all existence is one, though working in the various ways described in scientific laws, each one of us, being a part of this existence, should express in his life the character which gives ethical value to science. Nature, or God, works by regular methods towards beneficence; hence the final character of force is beneficent. It is difficult, perhaps beyond our power, to discover to what extent each natural movement conduces to good. But we know that our surviving needs and ideals which, except in degree of development, are the same now as they have been throughout historic time, are certain guides to the welfare of the race. Each one of us, in his own life, should consider himself a function of the everlasting power that impels man towards organised efficiency, beauty, love, truth and duty. No one of us is without the potential beneficence, which is the most general ethical characteristic of universal power. Beneficence, therefore, should be our watchword and our standard of conduct. This character is needed in every walk of life: not mere ignorant sentimentalism—which, often weakly, does harm with the best intentions—but well considered helpfulness which looks beyond immediate results to future consequences. The preservation of peace, the suppression of war, the promotion of international concert for progressive purposes, the cultivation of sympathy, truth, and duty, the appreciation of worth and scorn of wrong-doing and greed; all these enter into the character of beneficence, which each one of us should strive to exemplify. The Religion of Science implies that as there is only one existence, of which all phenomena are modes, so there should be only one character—Beneficence—dominating all activity.

This, in another form, is virtually the Gospel presented to us lately by Mr. Herbert Burrows, in his deeply suggestive Address on ‘Spiritual Sociology, and the problems of earth-life.’ Truly, all these lines of mercy meet, start whence we may.

The following, from ‘The Bath Daily Chronicle,’ we commend to the young gentleman who plays clown for ‘The London Daily Chronicle’ on these subjects:—

From an Egyptian paper just to hand it seems that the doings of Mr. Leicester Gataker are exciting no less interest in the land of the Pharaohs than they have already done in the United Kingdom. The work of prospecting the property on which he is engaged, we learn, is now practically finished, and at one place 2,000,000 gallons is the estimated daily supply. At a given spot he also stated that at a depth of from 300 to 500 feet a supply of 1,000,000 gallons a day would be tapped. Experience has continually proved the reliability of Mr. Gataker’s prognostications, and in the light of these there can be little doubt as to the ultimate result when the necessary sinking has been got through. As in his work at home, he dispensed with the use of the twig, relying simply on the extraordinary gifts with which nature has endowed him. To many onlookers his ‘hands alone’ method was a great revelation; at the same time many ‘Thomases’ were enlightened when twigs were placed in their hands, which they had not sufficient strength to prevent revolving when over the selected spots. In the hands of one gentleman, the paper says, ‘the inanimate twigs performed lively and interesting revolutions.’ That the operator can locate the exact places where the hidden water lies, and that it is afterwards secured through his aid, are undoubted facts, but we are still awaiting with interest the solution of the causes which enable him to do so. To decry water finding is useless; to explain it would be instructive.

'SHADOW LAND.'*

'Shadow Land,' by the well-known medium, Madame d'Esperance, is a fascinating book. It is interesting in three ways—as a history of her own life, as a record of extraordinary phenomena, and as a statement of the religio-philosophical conclusions at which she has arrived. In these days of small things, narrow speculations, and mean suspicions, it is refreshing to read the simply-told accounts of marvels quite as wonderful as the surprising phenomena which heralded in Spiritualism—marvels which set our old friends, 'the laws of Nature,' boldly at defiance, and open up a region of wonders compared with which the fairy tales of childhood's happy days seem commonplace.

'Shadow Land' is not exactly a book for sceptics. In all probability it will be carefully ignored by the clever people whose method of psychical research is to strain out all the 'camels' in order to devote themselves the more assiduously to the study of the 'gnats.' To tell the truth, the doubters who will shake their heads over 'Shadow Land' will have some excuse, for the authoress is at no pains to furnish her narrative with the details and particulars which in critical eyes give 'evidential value.' At all events, the book contains very little that will assist those whose object is to discover how the phenomena can be fraudulently imitated; although it is rich in valuable material for real students of the hidden side of Nature, especially for those who can 'read between the lines'; for, not only are many of the phenomena of a most extraordinary character, but Madame d'Esperance is able to throw a light on the phenomena from behind, so to speak, as, unlike almost all other materialising mediums, she is not entranced when in the cabinet, but remains conscious and critical all the time—critical of her own sensations, and of what goes on inside the cabinet.

'Shadow Land' opens with an account of the medium's childhood. The family lived in a large gloomy old house at the East End of London, said to have been built by Cromwell, and reputed to be haunted. Some of the rooms remained empty, and in those the lonely child loved to play; for they were not empty rooms to her, but filled with 'shadow people.' She says:—

'I could never quite understand nurse's remarks about the loneliness of the rooms, though her threats about the ghosts frightened me. To me the rooms were never empty nor lonely; strangers were constantly passing to and fro, from one room to another; some took no notice of me, some nodded and smiled as I held up my doll for their inspection. I did not know who the strangers were, but I grew to know them by sight, and look eagerly for them.'

People thought her 'queer'; but she concluded that it was others who were 'queer,' since they were unable to see what she saw. At this time she had also 'dreams,' or visions, which were more real to her than her daily life. Her father was the captain of a ship, and when at home from his voyages he used to tell her tales of mermaids and water-sprites, which she implicitly believed, and which no doubt added to her 'queerness.' Her mother, unfortunately for her, regarded all her strange experiences as fancies, to indulge in which was perversity and 'wickedness'; and finally she called in a doctor, who, having gained the child's confidence and heard her story, told her that those who see things which 'did not exist' were *mad people*:—

'It seemed to me that his words froze the blood in my veins. I could only stare at him in horrified silence. Was this then the meaning of it all? Was this the secret of the beautiful dream world in which I had spent so many happy hours? . . . I thought of all the dreadful things I had heard, of crimes committed by maniacs, of the horrors of mad-houses, of padded rooms, irons, straight-waistcoats; and I shivered with fear, and prayed almost frantically that I might be kept from going mad.'

Her health failing under this cruel blow, her father took her with him for a voyage in the Mediterranean; and then she was perfectly happy, until one unlucky day she saw a 'shadow ship,' and as no one else saw it, everyone disbelieved her; and so she became miserable again, and was glad to return home and be sent to school. At school she was free from disturbance by her untoward 'gift,' except that she wrote a prize essay in her sleep, a task which had proved entirely too much for her when awake. On leaving school she visited a fashionable fortune teller who predicted that she would soon be married, and married she soon was. Then her 'shadow people' re-

turned, and with them came her former fear of the mad-house. At that juncture she heard for the first time of Spiritualism, to which she took a strong dislike:—

'I did not believe there was any truth in the statement that pieces of furniture could move of themselves. And if it were true, then it was wicked. With this logical conclusion I refused to discuss the matter further.'

However, after some persuasion, she consented to sit with a few friends, just to see if anything would happen; and the table moved in a very lively fashion, and rapped out that her father was on board a certain vessel in Swansea, whereas all present believed him to be with her sick mother at Durham; and the table turned out to be right in every particular. A regular circle was therefore formed, which met every week during the winter months, and some curious phenomena occurred at it. The circle was evidently in harmony with itself and with the invisibles, for,

'No matter if we were depressed or otherwise out of temper, half an hour's sitting at the table would restore good humour and make us merry and talkative.'

Madame d'Esperance now became clairvoyant in the ordinary sense, and she says that then,

'A great hope was born within me, which I hardly dared to cherish, that after all it might be possible that my shadow people were realities and not the result of incipient madness. . . . I began to read every printed page I could get hold of relating to Spiritualism and spiritualistic phenomena, dreadful nonsense a good deal of it, which shocked and disgusted me.'

However, she confided her sorrows and hopes to her friends, and by their sympathy and encouragement was able to throw off all her doubts and fears.

These regular sésances had not been going on long before Madame d'Esperance became a writing medium. At first a certain Walter Tracy, a young man who had been accidentally drowned, used her hand to write; he brought a much cleverer and more learned spirit, who called himself Humnor Stafford (not his real name, he told her), and who long remained her friend and councillor. Stafford told her that he was in earth life an eager student of science; but he met with an accident which proved fatal after three years of suffering. He said that,

'He looked forward to death with something of the same anxiety and interest as an experimenter looks forward to the issue or development of a plan of which he has been the originator, and which is to decide the truth of some darling theory he has fostered but scarcely dared to acknowledge. . . . He died and found proof, inasmuch as he still lived, his intellect unclouded, his love of study and desire for knowledge increased, his capabilities for understanding clearer and brighter, his human sympathies, hitherto repressed, now expanded, and he found himself as anxious to teach as he had been to learn.'

Strangers were occasionally admitted to the sésances, and the presence of some of these visitors seemed to help the manifestations, while the presence of others hindered them. One evening a lady visitor, who had importunately begged to be present, was allowed in, and to the surprise of all not a single phenomenon happened, except that every member of the circle felt discomfort. At last the visitor spoke up, and told them triumphantly that she had all the time been praying to God to prevent any manifestation taking place if it was Satan who was the cause of the phenomena; and that, as they could get no manifestation, it was evident that her prayer was answered and that it was the devil, and no one else, who was the agent! This filled Madame d'Esperance 'with something like consternation'; for, as she says:—

'I did not know then, as I know now, how strong a weapon the will can be, and how disastrous to the success of such a sésance an antagonistic element may prove.'

She regained her courage, however, and soon began to make likenesses of the spirits who came with visitors to the sésances, and whom she could see perfectly, *drawing them in darkness* and with great rapidity. Most of these portraits were recognised and given away; but we are able, through the courtesy of the authoress, to give a specimen below.

Then followed a long series of sésances, at which spirits came and 'sat for their portraits'; and after that came another long series of sittings, at which discussions on scientific subjects took place between various specialists and Humnor Stafford. Electricity, light, sound, harmonics, and anatomy were among the subjects discussed, and Stafford foretold the discovery of electrical devices for speaking and writing at a distance, both of

* 'Shadow Land; or, Light from the Other Side.' By E. D'ESPERANCE. London: Geo. Redway. Price 6s.

which, as we all know, are now actualities. These experiments lasted for four years, and then the poor health of the medium necessitated a winter in the Mediterranean. Strangely enough, notwithstanding all her experiences, Madame d'Esperance had hitherto been unwilling to call herself 'a Spiritualist,' for her 'whole nature rose up in revolt' at any questioning of the orthodox Christian doctrine in which she had been brought up. Now, however, by some process, mysterious even to herself, Christianity and Spiritualism became reconciled and united :—

'While considering the teachings of the Church and the teachings of the spirits separately I could only see the contrasts. It was only when by some mysterious inner process I was, as it were, given a glimpse through a clearer medium than the dogmas of Churches or the individual opinions of professors of "isms," that I was able to trace the truth and beauty that lay between and joined the one with the other into a perfect and beautiful whole.'

A great and joyful peace then filled her mind, and she became animated by the desire to share this great blessing with others :—

'It never occurred to me that the world would not receive the news as gladly as I had done. I thought I had only to tell people of my discovery to render them as happy as I felt myself, but somehow my statements were received with discredit. People listened politely, but declined to believe without actual demonstration.'

This 'actual demonstration' she unhappily could not give, for the power to write on scientific subjects appeared to utterly fail, and her clairvoyant faculty became uncertain and feeble; even 'the movements of the table were without any meaning which could be understood.' This unexpected failure filled her



(PORTRAIT SKETCHED IN THE DARK.)

with dismay and perplexity, and she began to realise that she 'knew next to nothing of the laws which govern these things.' She consulted her spirit friends, who advised her 'not to attempt to reform the world or set the Church right, but simply to do the work nearest at hand, and do it well.' The opportunity to put this excellent advice into practice soon presented itself. She went with friends to Breslau, intending then to return to England; and Professor Zöllner, when saying good-bye to her at Leipzig, told her that his oldest friend, Dr. Friese, was a professor at the University of Breslau, but that between them a coldness had arisen because he (Zöllner) had accepted Spiritualism; whereupon she laughingly promised to convert his friend. When she arrived at Breslau she was ill, and Dr. Friese kindly insisted on her coming to his house; and there she remained for some time, studying music and painting under the good doctor's superintendence, and by degrees breaking down his prejudice against Spiritualism. The result was that Dr. Friese publicly declared himself a Spiritualist, which necessitated the resignation of his professorship, but reunited him to his old friend, to their mutual joy.

After this Madame d'Esperance returned to England, and then there began a series of very remarkable séances, at which new and astonishing phases of mediumship made their appearance.

(To be continued.)

PARIS.—'LIGHT' may be obtained from Mons. Leymarie, 12, Rue du Sommerard.

'CHRIST'S RESURRECTION BODY.'

The interesting appeal for help by 'Castleacre' has been responded to by many contributions. If I also might be allowed to offer one, I should do so not specially for the benefit of 'Castleacre,' but for that of other earnest inquirers, who, like him, may be still in bondage to creeds and pulpits, and who may not yet have discovered that road to emancipation which an earnest, thoughtful student may take with an approving conscience.

'Castleacre' has evidently discovered and entered upon that road, and may safely, I fancy, be left to work out his own salvation. He says: 'I have all my life been brought up in the orthodox teaching of the Church of England. But in studying the Old Testament records, the Epistles, the Acts of the Apostles, &c., I have found much concerning which orthodoxy cannot satisfy me.'

A good beginning: 'Search the Scriptures.' 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.'

To prove all things, however, we must have infallible standards with which 'all things' may be compared and tested. Such standards and means of testing are provided for us in the heavens and the earth, 'For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is.' (Ex. xx. 11.) Of heaven and earth astronomers and geologists—and of the surface of the earth and the depths of the sea, representatives of other sciences at the present day—can, and do, give us a far truer, more precise and authentic reading of the history and nature of each and of the lessons they offer us than was ever possible for man to give in the earlier ages.

Other means of testing may be found in the history of such nations as Egypt, India, and Babylonia, as shown forth in their scriptures and works of art, their pictures and sculptures, their palaces, temples, and other monuments in various stages of ruin, or still retaining, more or less, their original form and condition. In these we have tests in profuse abundance.

Like most of us at one or other period of life, 'Castleacre' founds his religious opinions on the creeds and pulpits of his Church, and has seldom, perhaps, inquired critically into the sources from which such creeds and doctrines profess to be derived. But occasions occur when we come across an unusual book, or a paper in a magazine, or hear a lecture on astronomy or geology, or on the history of ancient Egypt; or we may have attended a course of lectures by the late George Smith or the Rev. Professor Sayce on the recent discovery of ancient manuscripts in Chaldea, Babylonia, and Assyria, and of the equally important discovery of how to read them. When we find that some of those records were written at a period of time as remote as that assigned by the Churches to the creation of the universe, and when we find also accounts descriptive of the Creation, of the Deluge, and of the institution and observance of the Sabbath, in documents written fully fifteen hundred years before Moses was born, we obtain food for reflection. We may possibly ask our pastors for explanations, and will probably be told that the doctrines of the Church are founded on the Holy Scriptures and not on mere human history which cannot have the authority of the divinely-inspired word of God.

Our business now lies in searching the Scriptures, and we find that they are not only out of agreement with human history, but are also not in agreement with the testimony of God's works as evidenced by the history of the earth and of man, preserved for us in the earth's own secure keeping.

We have now to ask: On what grounds do the teachers of religion in the present day set up these Jewish books as an authority that shall override the authority of observed natural facts? When, where, and by whom were these books written?

When 'Castleacre,' or any other young student, begins the search for answers to these three questions he would find much valuable assistance in some of the works of the many learned men who have largely devoted their life's labours to such investigations. Valuable books may be found in the 'Theological Translation Fund Library,' published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, such as 'The Religion of Israel,' by Dr. Kuenen, and 'The Church History of the First Three Centuries,' by Dr. F. C. Baur; also some of the Hibbert Lecture Courses, such as that by Dr. Kuenen, and the Course by Professor Sayce; the 'Bohn Ecclesiastical Library,' published by Bell and Son, York-street, Covent Garden; Bleek's 'Introduction to the Old Testament,' translated under the care of

the Rev. E. Venables, Canon of Lincoln. Of the four volumes of the early Church historians, that of Eusebius begins with the Apostles and continues to his own time—the first third of the fourth century. Socrates continues the history through the troubled times of the Arian and Athanasian controversy, and gives a striking picture of life and manners amongst the Churchmen and Fathers of those days—when creeds and articles of faith were still unsettled. Two other books may also be mentioned, which to some may prove fully as interesting and instructive as the foregoing. These are 'Hebrew Records,' and 'Christian Records,' by the Rev. Dr. Giles, Rector of Sutton, Surrey, published by Trübner, now Kegan Paul and Co. All the books mentioned are written or edited by clergymen or professors of theology, and though they generally state the facts fairly for or against, the inferences they draw are sometimes found to lean slightly too much over towards orthodoxy. The reader, however, must draw his own inferences.

The study of the Old and New Testaments, by the help of some of the books named, will greatly assist the young explorer to arrive at a tolerably true estimate of their value and authority on matters with which they deal, and which are also open to our inspection and study, and to the independent exercise of our judgment.

It will be found that the writers, generally, were profoundly ignorant of the form, extent, and history of the earth. That is sufficient proof that their writings regarding it were not inspired by its Creator. Nevertheless, the books are interesting as giving an insight concerning the habits and modes of thought prevalent amongst a people in old times, whose descendants have exercised a considerable influence in the world in later times. There are other books, however, as old, and very much older, which give tenfold more extensive and authentic information on times and nations of much greater importance: yet nobody seems to claim for them a 'Divine Inspiration.' Those who make such a claim for the Jewish books are doing them a great injury. They remove them from their proper rank in literature and lower them to the grade of stumbling-blocks and barriers in the path leading to broader, deeper, and higher forms of knowledge, and to truer conception of the world, the universe, and the Maker of it all.

Thus it becomes the duty of all who would join in the pursuit of truth with a free, unbiassed mind, to aid in clearing those obstacles out of the way.

The paralysing influence which these books exert over the minds of men has many illustrations in this 'Castleacre' question. In a late number of 'LIGHT' (November 20th), a contributor tells us that the Gospel of St. Peter, which gives testimony to the fact that Jesus rose from the tomb in His natural body, was suppressed, and he says: 'I also believe that St. Peter's Gospel was perhaps suppressed for this very testimony.' But if the compilers of the New Testament were persons so unscrupulous as to suppress such an important work as the Gospel of St. Peter, how is it that it does not seem to occur to the writer that they were also capable of inserting a spurious Gospel or Epistle which favoured views which they liked better?

There are very good grounds for thinking that the writer's suspicion may not be ill-founded; anyone who takes the trouble to examine the evidence knows that the compilers worked on those principles. And, knowing this, how comes it that so many capable minds fight so zealously for the verbal accuracy of these books? Is it that in childhood and early years our minds were so impressed with awe and dread by them that we have ever since thought about them through the emotions and not through the reasoning faculties? We find Dr. Wyld clearly demonstrating how all that was witnessed by the disciples at the Ascension was quite possible through means familiar to every experienced Spiritualist. But the doctor is not satisfied. He stickles for the verbal accuracy of the words which Jesus is said to have used, and takes a good deal of pains to establish it. 'Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye behold me having.' If the doctor in his normal state will again consider the matter, I think he will be led to see that Jesus could not possibly have used those words. We know that spirits can supply themselves temporarily with flesh and bones, or such a semblance of these as may stand the test of eyes and fingers, even of an unbelieving Thomas. Many of us have shaken hands with spirits whose arms were not visibly there, and the grasp was as firm and the action as natural as if all the necessary muscles came from solid bones which also were not there.

These questions, accurately stated or not, seem to have little importance for ordinary human beings, whose spirits at death certainly do not go upwards in the natural earth body.

R. H.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

ASTROLOGY.

The frequent references of late to astrology in the pages of 'LIGHT' would seem to indicate that it is still a serious study with many, and that despite the disrepute into which it has fallen it is held to have underlying truths as deserving of recognition and patient investigation as those of any other branch of occultism.

The difficulty to me, a somewhat disheartened student of the science, has always been to determine precisely in what respects astrology is superior to other forms of divination. It is true its calculations involve mathematics, and many of the problems to be solved fall within the province of the practical astronomer of to-day; but this in no way adds to its reliableness. When you have 'erected the figure' you have merely decided to divine by planetary positions instead of cards, dice, or coffee-grounds. The fact that the sign ascending, or the position of the moon as regards the earth, is an actual occurrence in nature does not exceed in reality the fall of a card or the markings of the hand. They are each facts in nature, and, it seems to me, of equal value for purposes of divination.

It must not be forgotten that all horoscopes contain identically the same signs, planets, and houses, but differently arranged. With these factors, together with the 'aspects' and 'directions,' so many combinations are possible, that either directly or indirectly everything likely to occur in this mortal life of ours is provided for. With such scope everything is possible, and here it is that the average astrologer, the mere book-student, so often flounders and brings discredit upon himself. Amid so many probabilities he fails to see the truth, and comes to grief. If you are bent upon finding murder signified in the nativity of a philanthropist, patient study of the figure would, I venture to say, reveal it, just as in a pine forest you can select trunks extending in a straight line in any direction you may care to determine. This, perhaps, explains how it is that astrologers are so often 'wise after the event'; they overlooked so and so at the first reading, or neglected this or that relationship in giving judgment. If the horoscopes of a peasant, a millionaire, and a philosopher were submitted to an astrologer, as those of a suicide, thief, and anarchist, I doubt very much if he would discover the fraud; I should expect rather that he would find confirmatory evidence in each of the figures. It would be interesting to know, too, if the horoscopes of each of the thousand and odd persons stricken with typhoid fever in the recent Maidstone epidemic indicated a serious or fatal illness to the native this year. It would, indeed, be a triumph for the science if they did.

That the great central fact of astrology may be intuition I am willing to allow; but this has been claimed for every other form of divination, and probably lies at the root of all successful prediction by whatsoever means. But it is precisely for this reason that I fail to see that the methods of the astrologer are in any way superior or more deserving of study than those of other diviners. If it is merely a question of intuition, planets, as much as cards, dice, or coffee-grounds, might, under certain conditions, be entirely dispensed with.

ARTHUR BUTCHER.

SPIRITUALLY we should be equipped with high purposes. I do not believe that it is right for a young man or woman to grow up without having conceived some purpose in life—something to strive for, even though in the end he may not reach the particular point he had in mind. An object in life will cultivate the power to rise, to reach, to grasp, to attain. Do not wait, my young friends, until some great revelation comes to you as to what you shall be. Do not depend upon some medium, astrologer, or psychologist to determine your career in life. The question should not be, what are you going to be, from some other person's point of view, but, what have you determined you *will* be? Set your aim high—it cannot be too high. Aim for the highest, and if you fall every day get up each time and move on; keep your eyes fixed on the stars. They will never come down to you, you must rise to the height of your star.—MRS. STUART-RICHINGS.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT, 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
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WHAT JESUS IS TO US.

In keeping these days of Advent, the one topic throughout Christendom is, of course, the personality and the mission of him who gives to Christendom its name: and, as of old, that topic still gives rise to endless differences of opinion, many of which lead to displays of temper and to results of contention as foreign to the spirit of the great founder as anything could be.

We do not propose to join the disputants, and certainly we shall keep clear of their tempers and their excommunications. What we propose to do is to indicate common ground, and, in pointing out what Jesus is to us, to really set forth what he might be to all: for, as a matter of fact, beneath all the clashing opinions of Christendom, there are certain supreme truths about which none need differ; and these, as usual, are the truths that are simplest, the most practical, and about which there can be the least dispute.

There are two mighty words which have commanded and will ever command the intensest concern of the human mind and heart, and before which the world stands in wonder, anxiety and awe:—LIFE and DEATH. Whence come we? Whither are we going? Many have been the eager questionings concerning these things; and innumerable the answers; and it is one of the abiding illusions of the world that perfect answers have been vouchsafed from beyond the veil: and no answers have been regarded as so authentic and infallible as those which were given by Jesus Christ. But the strange thing is that he said so little directly bearing upon Life or Death. Certainly he put forth no systematic statement: he never argued: he drew up no creed: he reasoned out no proposition, and scarcely even stated one. We have only fragmentary utterances, apparently chance sayings, from which we may draw inferences. His specialty was not at all that he was a great teacher: he was rather a lover, a mystic, a seer. It was not what he said that was so wonderful, but how he lived and what he lived for. The main characteristic of him was his whole spiritual relationship to the things of the world and the things of the spirit. In brief, he was here as an angel, not as a man.

'As an angel,' we say: and by that we do not intend anything supernatural: we only indicate by that phrase what it was that made him so different from others, and what it is that gives to his fragmentary suggestions a unique significance which we somehow do not find in the more reasoned statements of other teachers. But the truth is that we often get our answers in the most unlikely ways,—not by way of assurance, still less of argument, but in some pathetic or even tragic way that at first sight seems to make any answer impossible, but in the end brings the very answer we need, before which all statements and arguments seem almost impertinent.

Here is this word LIFE. What a tremendous problem it is! We are not thinking of the origin of life; that is a matter of curiosity; but of human life in its struggle and hope, its longings and its fears. Why are we here at all?

What is the meaning of these inexorable laws that hold us down, to bless or curse us, as with the direst necessity? What mean these strange forthreachings of the spirit, after some higher and perchance some saving power? Why are we permitted to suffer, nay, forced to suffer when we are innocent; and often for or because of the guilty? Why have we so often to look on death where we hoped to find radiant life? 'Is there knowledge in the Most High?' and can they who suffer so be in any sense dear to Him? Is there any one who can take these tangled threads and lay them in fair order before earth's tearful eyes?

Jesus did not say much about it, but he lived his reply. We need no voice from Heaven to say, 'This is my beloved son.' We depend on no voice for that. Manifestly, if there ever was a spiritual child of God, this was he,—this smitten, homeless, derided, heart-broken, crucified man. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews understood it when he presented him as the true high priest, made perfect by suffering, and therefore touched with the feeling of our infirmities and able to be gentle with the ignorant and those who are out of the way. It is the revelation of an infinite pathos and pitifulness, as dearest to God; and he was so the 'beloved son.' It is here we may find the solution of our darkest problems. Not the kings of the earth, and the splendid people, and those who enjoy themselves and have all things their own way, reveal God and best explain the deep things of life. We learn from those Judæan streets and from the cross of Calvary the sublimest lesson of all time; and find there the secret of life. 'Not in grasping, but in surrendering; not in merciless pursuit but in unbroken service; not in seeking joy but in facing sorrow, are we to find the Ideal: and the dearest to God may be he who suffers most from man:—that is the message of Jesus to the world concerning Life.

And what of Death? Round the bright earth forever looms the dreadful shadow: and we have hardly time to question it before we are hurried on to its enfolding. Where does that last, strange, solitary journey lead us? What is there behind the veil? There was no clear and simple answer till Jesus came. The old Romans, with all their courage, trembled and became desperate before death. Their memorials are often painful in the extreme. 'I lift up my hands against God,' says one, 'who snatched me away, innocent. She lived twenty years. Proclus set this up.' What a tragic old story!—'She lived twenty years. Proclus set this up.' God is against him, he thinks: Justice is a fiction: Life is a lie: sorrow and misery alone are real: so, shaking his fist in the face of Heaven, he passes into oblivion, after setting up his impious stone. And even where men pictured Hades and Elysian fields, the dreamy song of wonder ended in a dreary note of despair.

Now Jesus seemed to live in the two worlds of sense and spirit. He gave the impression that the one was as real as the other. He did not reason; he announced. The unseen Heaven of his Father was his home: and that Heaven was as real to him as Jerusalem: the angels were his friends and they were near; they rejoiced when sinners repented, and they 'ministered' to him in his need. 'In the Father's House,' he said, 'there are many homes,' and he promised to go and prepare a place for those he left behind, and promised, too, to return, to receive them unto himself. All that is immensely enlightening, if we once get ourselves in the state of mind to believe it. Then we seem to be beyond argument and disputation. We somehow, in his company, get into the sphere of demonstration and experience; and we say,—'When the sun shines, it must be day: when it warms and comforts us, we know it is a precious boon.' That is just what Jesus is to us. We do not feel any desire to analyse him any more than we care to analyse the sunbeams. The one is a matter for the

laboratory as the other may be a matter for the divinity school : but we give ourselves up to participation and pure joy. Yes, it is the lover and the disciple, and not the creed-maker, who will understand our Advent sunshine best.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LIMITED.

'Miss X.' (Miss Goodrich-Freer) has kindly consented to give an address to the Members and Associates of the Alliance, at 7 for 7.30, on the evening of Friday, December 17th, in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall (entrance from Piccadilly). Her subject will be 'Hauntings,' and Colonel G. Le M. Taylor, who has taken part in some of her investigations, will occupy the chair.

Tickets of admission will be posted to Members and Associates ; and admission will be *by ticket only*.

In accordance with No. XV. of the Articles of Association, the subscriptions of Members and Associates elected after October 1st will be taken as for the remainder of the present year and the whole of 1898.

MR. BELLAMY'S VISIONS.

Mr. Edward Bellamy, in his prophetic romance, 'Equality,' has taken up the story and the theme of 'Looking Backward,' and expanded it into a series of pictures of the new world that is to be, when the conflicts between individualism and altruism, every man seeking profit for himself, shall give place to the reign of universal brotherhood, when the visions of socialism shall be realised, and society shall be reorganised on a basis of fraternal co-operation and common possession. It is an alluring prospect—if it is ever to become fact the date of A.D. 2000 is far too early ; 3000 or 4000 might be more probable. A rich and glowing eloquence, as of some inspired seer, looking into futurity, pervades many of the descriptions of Renovated Society here given. It is to be an age when mechanical invention will be so far perfected that inter-communication, with or without terrestrial or aerial locomotion, will be complete.

In one chapter, entitled *Eritis sicut Deus*, the author discusses the new forms of development that may be looked for in religious life and thought. There is a glimmer of half-veiled Spiritualism in this view of a time when the increased knowledge of the spiritual realm will suffice 'to turn the shadow of death into a bow of promise, and distil the saltiness out of human tears.' 'Nowadays,' says the exponent of the new order, 'as life advances to its close, instead of being overshadowed with gloom, it is marked by an access of impassioned expectancy, which would cause the young to envy the old but for the knowledge that in a little while the same door will be opened to them.'

There is a deep philosophy in the passage which I especially wish to quote—a bearing on the method by which the true Christian religion advances in the world, not merely by direct conquest but by gradual infusion of a divine spirit into life, which at last wakes up into a consciousness of its divine significance and calls itself by its true name. I have turned round one or two of the phrases in the following passage, in order to change it from the historic to the prophetic form :—

"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us ;" and mark how these words are made good in the way in which the race of men finds God. It is not, remember, by directly, purposely, or consciously seeking God. The great enthusiasm of humanity which overthrows the old self-seeking order and brings in the fraternal society is not primarily or consciously a Godward aspiration at all. It is essentially a humane movement. It is a melting and flowing forth of men's hearts toward one another ; a rush of contrite, repentant tenderness, an impassioned impulse of mutual love and self-devotion to the commonweal. But, "if we love one another, God dwelleth in us," and so man finds it. And a moment will come, the most transcendent moment in the history of the race of man, when with the fraternal glow of this world of new-found embracing brothers, there will seem to have mingled the ineffable thrill of a divine participation ; as if the hand of God were clasped over the joined hands of men.

So the blending of the divine and human will be accomplished, and so it will remain for evermore.' (p. 241.)

If 'Equality' describes, as I think it does, an impossible condition of society, yet the ideal it portrays is full of interest and instruction.

R. M. T.

'MY WORK IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.'

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. THOMAS ATWOOD TO THE MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, IN THE FRENCH DRAWING ROOM, ST. JAMES'S HALL, ON THE EVENING OF FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1897.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The importance of the work which is the subject of my address is so great that although I could perhaps speak with greater effect *extempore*, I have thought it advisable to commit all that I say to writing. I wish to avoid any loose or ill-considered statements, and to weigh well my words before giving utterance to them. It is my purpose to state only matters within my own personal experience, omitting as far as possible all theorising, and only indulging occasionally in a few thoughts to which the various incidents I am about to relate may give rise.

Work for the undeveloped and darkened spirits is no new thing. Most circles can tell of the many spirits seeking help from them—help that I trust has been freely given in the great majority of cases. It is not, however, of work done in circles that I am going to tell you ; it is of work done alone in the solitude of my chamber, of missionary effort by preaching and prayer, of awakening brought about by the human voice carried into the dark spheres, and conveyed by the machinery of the unseen world to the sin-stricken soul, to men and women in all states of consciousness, awakening the chords of memory, bringing light into darkness, hope into the depths of despair, a desire for life into the death—the living death—of the soul believing itself lost for ever, and calling upon all to develop the divine spark within ; that unextinguishable glow that shall yet blaze forth into the brightest light and lead to progress to the glories of the summerland. I intend to deal with the subject as exhaustively as time will allow, and in the first place to detail the various steps leading up to its commencement in November last, when, after a period of preparation and sharp discipline, the work was laid upon me, and I was bidden to commence it on the following day, no previous hint of its nature having been given to me. Link by link was the chain formed that binds me to this missionary enterprise ; test after test was applied to prove my fitness. I was tried as silver is tried, and not until I had been proved was the signal given for me to commence my work.

Many of my experiences were painful ones. I will touch as lightly as I can upon them, but it is vitally necessary for me to prove my case up to the hilt, and I shall shrink from no detail that I feel is necessary to that proving. Think for a moment of what I am propounding : the power of a mortal to summon the denizens of the unseen world to come from darkness to light, and you will see that the fitness of the instrument is an all-important factor, and needs to be most clearly demonstrated if the truth of the proposition is to be admitted.

My former religious position may be very briefly stated. For many years I was a Unitarian, my only creed the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. I believed in the ultimate salvation of *all* God's children ; that life after death was one eternal progression, and, to use Tennyson's words :—

'That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete ;
That not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.'

But I did *not* believe in the possibility of communion with the unseen world, and I had the greatest, I think I may say, contempt for anything akin to Spiritualism. I never studied the subject, but was content to dismiss it in the usual way from my thoughts. What good was it, even if there were something in all these phenomena one read about ?

My domestic life was one of almost uniform unhappiness, and I think I may safely say that for a period of twenty-eight years I never had a single week's continued happiness. I hasten to say that the cause of this was my wife's lifelong obsession. How this arose I know not. She was greatly tried in early life by a stepmother who delighted to work upon a naturally violent temper, and I have learned since she passed over that she was a powerful physical medium. When and how the obsession commenced I cannot say, but its reality I cannot doubt ; and it is, in fact, the only reasonable explanation not only of much of her conduct in earth-life, but of her totally changed nature after

passing over, when, free from the obsessing influence, her real self asserted itself—that real self that showed, oh! so rarely, in her daily life. Although somewhat in advance of my subject, let me say now that not one trace of bitterness caused by past sorrows remains present with me. My spirit wife has atoned, and more than atoned, for all, by the intense and perfect happiness she herself has greatly helped to bring me.

It will be readily understood that the life I have hinted at rather than described was not conducive to worldly success, and also that the worse our position became, the worse, also, became the daily home existence. At last I became desperate. Reading in an early edition of a well-known author's work on physical science, that by certain manipulation of the breath the heart's action can be stopped and death ensured, I resolved upon that course of action, presenting as it did the prospect of an apparently natural ending of life being attained without suspicion of suicide being aroused. I could not place upon my wife and daughter the stigma that self-destruction by poison would bring, and yet I felt I could no longer live. But I could not effect my purpose. Either the scientist was wrong, or my heart was a most abnormal one, for it stood the utmost strain I could put upon it. My destiny was not to perish by any such means; my work on earth was not yet done. Shortly afterwards my wife was laid aside with a painful complaint, and after nearly twelve months' illness she passed over in October, 1895. We were then nominally separated, but it is a pleasant memory to me that, for about half the time she lay helpless, I nursed her myself, day and night. Peacefully did she pass away, so quietly that only by the closest watching could I detect the last breath, and then an expression of the most perfect peace came over the countenance; the eyes closed naturally as if in sleep, and the end of a troubled life suggested the most perfect calm one can imagine, as existing in the new conditions upon which she had entered. Three days afterwards I watched the open coffin glide into the furnace, and that chapter of my life closed. Perhaps; but a new one opened in which my wife still played the leading part.

Nothing worthy of mention took place for a few months. I settled down to a quiet life, and did my best to make up for lost time. But the early part of 1896 was marked by a most unusual restlessness, an unsettlement of my even temperament that I could not account for. Some influence was at work that was beyond my comprehension, causing me to inquire into matters I knew nothing of. I studied 'Borderland,' took an interest in occult matters, visited a lady palmist, wrote to Mr. Thurstan, and a little later on attended one of his classes at Battersea. Mr. Thurstan lent me a little book, Judge Edmonds' 'Letters on Spiritualism,' which I read carefully. The result of my study of that book was that I found that Spiritualism, as defined there, was simply my own Unitarian faith, plus communication with the unseen. I soon found my hand beginning to write, and myself fairly launched upon an inquiry into the truth of Spiritualist philosophy. My progress was rapid. I soon developed the handwriting faculty, and, at the very first circle I attended, obtained the most positive proof that my writing was no effect of sub-consciousness, but that the communications were from outside myself. I could not ignore the fact, nor did I seek to do so, but I threw myself heart and soul into the attempt to gain light. I resolved from the very first to seek the highest form of spirituality attainable by a mortal, and the course that appeared to me the best by which to obtain my object was earnest prayer. To whom? To the Infinite! To use Mr. Stead's simile, I went to the prayer telephone and rang up the central. This I have done unswervingly ever since, and it is to this that I attribute all my present happiness. I have proved the power of prayer; I have asked and received, sought and found, knocked and the door has been opened. 'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's native air,' says James Montgomery; and so, my experience tells me, it is the Spiritualist's also. It is easy to say, 'Oh, we pray when we desire anything'; and that the very aspiration is prayer. It may be, but that is not the prayer of the soul drawing close to the Eternal and pouring itself out in the night watches, crying out for more and yet more of the divine spirit of love, of purity, of wisdom, of strength, of faith. *That* is what I mean by prayer; *that* is what I have proved it, and by it I have been enabled to rise above earthly desires and to lead a purely spiritual existence while in the world and yet not of the world. 'Thorough' has been my motto since I embraced

Spiritualism, and will-power, faith and prayer are my armour. Clad with these I fear no contact with the darkened spirits; the most powerful forces of evil cannot penetrate this triple safeguard.

In the course of my search after truth I came across a little book by Mrs. Leigh Hunt Wallace, in which I found the following:—

'RED MAGIC.'—'A great and good spirit cannot be imported; its development means development of the holy seed within us. The greatest recognised example of such development in this and other Protestant and Catholic countries has been in the work performed by Jesus Christ. An adept like Him is known to the true occultist as the red magician. To become a red magician you must strictly follow Christ's laws and imitate His life both in the letter and the spirit, till it is your very nature to be good and there is absolutely no evil in you. Your physical life must be entirely subservient to the spiritual. Your observation of externals must be simply to make a right use of them. Food and drink must be taken merely as necessary supports to the body. Fish, flesh, fowl, alcohol, drugs, tobacco, mineral substances, and every such perversion of the natural appetite must be religiously abstained from, and your tastes therefor redirected to the proper channels. Good cannot be good if it is joined to one particle of evil. It is then only a mixture of good and evil. To become a red magician, therefore, you must become all-perfect. I do not say all-powerful. You are always perfect so long as you act up to the light within you, and ever strive and pray for more light. This light will grow indefinitely, because this light is Deity. This light cannot die, because it is life, and there is no death in life. Decay of the body is destruction only of the machine and not death to life. God, Life, Light, and Good in this sense are synonymous terms. Good is immortal. Evil is mortal and there is no satisfaction in it. This Light is fed only by constant prayer or desire for good. If you wish to become a red magician mount the ladder and you will find your kingdom of heaven which is within you, and our Father who is in heaven, and you will be at one with God.'

Nothing I have ever read has appealed to me with anything like the force this passage did. I copied it out and studied it thoroughly, with the result that I adopted it in its entirety, and I am pleased to add that I have had the opportunity lately of personally thanking the author for penning so, to me, inspired a description of an ideal I hope I may succeed in reaching, lofty though it be.

Almost from the very commencement of my spiritual experiences I have had the companionship of tiny raps, on the shirt front by day, on the bedclothes by night. For months they came, sometimes keeping with me all day, sometimes staying away for several days at a time, and being the cause of great wonderment to those friends who heard them. Gradually they settled down to making themselves heard only on such occasions as prayer time, when engaged in meditation, or when reading any passage that particularly interested me. I can get no intelligent answer from them to any question I may ask. I cannot even get a stated number of raps given, but in my most solemn moments they make themselves heard and afford a sense of inner companionship of a very soothing nature. When I get at something that unfolds itself to me as a new truth, these raps seem fairly to dance with joy. I have on more than one occasion heard two sets at the same time, one much duller in tone than those usually present—a different sound altogether. With this exception there is nothing whatever of the physical about my mediumship, and this is too delicate to partake much of that nature, although distinctly objective. The most remarkable thing about these raps is the total failure of all my efforts to establish any communications with or through them.

My inspirational writing has been of the greatest service in my development, and I have received some very striking messages from the unseen world. A most remarkable difference has been noticeable between the messages received of a spiritual nature, and those on ordinary everyday life affairs. In the former I could place implicit confidence; the latter were totally unreliable, in many cases meaningless, and stupid in the extreme, and I soon avoided placing myself in a position to receive them. The lark people on the other side are not to my taste, and I prefer to have nothing at all to do with them. While on the subject of my handwriting, I will give just one message I received, at a time of great anxiety, when destitution and want seemed to be staring me in the face. I had been told to wait, and the kind friends with whom I was living, and to whom I was deeply indebted for the necessities of life, told me that I was simply acting the part of the man who was waiting for something to turn up. I asked the question: 'What is the

difference between waiting as I am told to, and trusting to fate ?' The answer was : 'The difference is this. In your case you are trusting in God for His heavenly guidance. You are told that He has a work for you to accomplish, and that before you enter upon this work, a course of discipline is needful for you, that will try you to the utmost, and give you the necessary qualifications for the work in which you will be engaged. You cannot see the working of this ; it is in higher hands than yours—or ours ; and you are told to wait ; you *must wait* a little longer. Trust in your heavenly Father and all will be well. You will not be driven too hard. In the case of a blind reliance upon fate—in the first place you simply wait on events, and, in so many words, trust to your luck. In the next place you are not tried in a fiery furnace. Trusting to luck, you pass through none of the mental and perhaps also the bodily anguish that distinguishes the life of him who trusts in his heavenly guidance. Nothing can be further removed than the experience of him who prays and is led in accordance with the divine will, and that of the fatalist who calmly accepts whatever comes along and blindly trusts to luck.'

I think it is safe to assume that in these inspirational messages the *language* in which they are clothed is that of the recipient himself, the *idea* being all that is given him. This message, given to a literary man, would no doubt be rendered in far more elegant language ; but, looking only at the idea conveyed, I think it forms a very clear answer to the question put. And it satisfied me. I was *not* driven too hard, but my faith was sorely tried, and it was not till I seemed bound to become a homeless wanderer, that an opening presented itself by which I could earn my daily bread and provide myself with lodging.

But what was on the one hand withheld from me was on the other lavishly bestowed. My spiritual happiness increased daily. My wife had made her presence known to me, and was my constant companion. I talked with her as freely as if she were present in the flesh, and enjoyed such close intercourse as had never fallen to my lot in her earth life. She left me as a rule for a few hours in the evening, but I never retired to rest without waiting for her to return and join me in prayer. Truly can I say that our married happiness began after my wife's death, paradoxical as the statement must appear.

I want for a few moments to allude to the great help that for more than twelve months has been afforded me by the friendship I have enjoyed with Mr. James Veitch, whose marvellous gifts of psychometry and clairvoyance are no doubt known to many of you. One feature in my progress in Spiritualism has been the kind help and sympathy I have received from many mediums who have, entirely without fee, given me so much assistance. But Mr. Veitch, from the first time he saw me, seemed thoroughly to understand my conditions, and could predict to a nicety the developments that would unfold themselves as consequent upon all I described to him. It is with profound sorrow that I have to say that he is now completely broken down in health, and with his nervous system shattered, is lying seriously ill at Forest Gate.

Before entering upon a description of my work I will briefly deal with one or two other matters connected with myself, in order not to break the thread of my narrative further on. I have not as yet alluded to the isolation that gradually became my lot, until I was able to stand alone. I was told not to attend mixed circles ; never to go near a table at which sitters were engaged ; and, finally, to attend no circle whatever of any kind. My handwriting ceased ; clairvoyant visions, the meaning of which had been explained by writing, became less frequent ; my spirit friends ceased to visit me ; the loving companionship of my wife came to an end, a message being given me that our spirits were blended and that she was now part of myself. I had much difficulty in receiving this, but my friend Veitch saw the working of it clearly, and assured me that my innate conviction of the truth of the communication was fully justified. The greatest proof, however, lay in the fact that I never for a single moment missed what had been my very all in all for months, nor was my happiness for one moment dimmed. Had separation come instead of union I must have been cast down to the very lowest depths of despair, so close and loving had been the intercourse. I can give no explanation of the mystery ; I can only tell you the facts. And now I am sensible of no guidance whatever ; all my spirit friends have ceased to communicate, and I have only the inner companionship of which Mr. Thurstan spoke in this room a

fortnight ago, and of which I can no more say than he could as to whether it is my Ego, the blended spirit of my wife with mine, or outside companionship of which I have only an inner consciousness. I only know that each successive development has brought spiritual power, and that my happiness has increased in like proportion.

On a certain Saturday night in November, 1896, I received the message that was the signal for the commencement of my new departure. I was simply told to address on the morrow spirits that would be brought to me for help. I obeyed, little knowing what a work was beginning, little dreaming of the magnitude of the task I was attempting. After twelve months' experience it has taken such a hold upon me that my whole being is absorbed in it. Never will I give it up in this world or the next while there remains a soul for me to rescue, a child of God to help ! Into the lowest depths will I descend, into the blackest darkness will I willingly penetrate ; and if, when I pass over the border, I find I can do better work as a mortal, cheerfully will I leave the highest realm of bliss that may be my portion, and, if possible, re-incarnate to carry on the work of salvation. I fear not the powers of evil ; strong as they are, the powers of good are stronger, and if a transient success is gained over me it cannot be a lasting one, and I should not be the first martyr to a glorious cause. 'Forward !' then, I repeat, is my motto ; my armour will-power, faith, and prayer ; and the greatest of these is prayer.

A short account of my earlier experiences appeared in 'LIGHT,' and many of you will, no doubt, remember the very remarkable article from the pen of Mr. Forbes, of New York, that the publication of my paper elicited. Should interest be sufficiently aroused in this subject, I hope that article will be reprinted in pamphlet form and widely circulated. It is a masterly treatise, crowded with incident. It contains many references to the experiences of Swedenborg, Judge Edmonds, and others, and shows clearly the writer's own intimate knowledge of his subject.

In his opening sentence he says—and the words contain the whole argument for the work :—

'Undeveloped spirits, because of their very undevelopment, are usually no more able to perceive the presence of spirits of higher grades of advancement, or to maintain a conscious relationship towards them, than are mortals of similar undevelopment. Thus it is that the heavenly ambassadors of goodness and progress have to do their work of helpful upliftment by means of mundane instruments, making the earth plane the fulcrum of their lever of love.'

A crushing answer this to those who hold that mortals have no business to mix themselves up with such work, and that it should be left to the other side to carry on.

Again Mr. Forbes says :—

'That spirits remain very long in this state of utter blankness is not likely. Those of them who are of sufficient mental and spiritual development to be reached by missionary spirits from the higher life are led forth to be instructed and trained, others imagine themselves into all sorts of places, such as prisons, dark caverns, dense forests, impassable mountains, and the like, where they tarry in hopeless despondency. It may be asked why these wretched souls are permitted to remain in such pitiable states. The inspired Whittier gives the answer—

'Though God be good and free be Heaven,
No force divine can love compel,
And though the song of sins forgiven
May sound through lowest Hell,
The sweet persuasion of His voice
Respects the sanctity of will.
He giveth day : thou hast thy choice
To walk in darkness still.'

Again :—

'Many fear contamination from a contact with the sin-stained and error-burdened. There probably is danger of this if the motive is not pure and proper or when the work is undertaken with a lack of earnestness, but if a circle be organised by persons harmoniously disposed towards each other, in accordance with the well-known conditions, out of kindness of heart and with only the sincere desire to be of service, I believe there is no better way to escape the undesirable influences to which all are more or less liable, than to join the angels in their unselfish labour of love ; for thus is formed an affiliation with the higher heavens, bringing about a participation in the invigorating and protecting forces of those imperial regions. After one of our most appalling experiences, a voice was heard saying : "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."'

These three extracts have an immediate bearing upon my subject, and are the words of an experienced man. A great deal of what I have to tell you is of so extraordinary a nature that you may feel inclined to ask what mad enthusiast is speaking to you. I am therefore glad to fortify myself at the outset. But in reality my nature is a very sceptical one, and I sometimes fear that I doubt the reality of a good deal that is conveyed to me, unreasonably. But I *must* keep a level head and only accept what is absolutely clear to me as truth. It has ever been my aim since my spiritual birth, eighteen months ago, to progress slowly and surely, even if by doing so I lag somewhat behind.

(To be continued.)

EXPERIMENTS IN TELEPATHY.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

During the winter of 1896-7 I made a number of experiments, more or less successful, in mind-reading or thought-transference, with the help of an intelligent young girl employed in the house, whose name I will here give as Emma—the results of which experiments I trust may prove helpful to others interested in the investigation of the human mind and its possibilities.

Our mode of operation was as follows: The percipient (the one whose mind is held in passive state to catch the thought of the other) sat with closed eyes, some distance apart from the agent, or thought-sender, while she tried to get a mental picture of whatever object the agent had in mind. As these experiments were conducted with the sole view of satisfying ourselves of the possibility of such thought-transference, our manner of procedure was not perhaps such as would satisfy scientific investigators, and I am only stating our method so that others can try what results can be got for themselves through similar or more varied means. I wrote an account of the different experiments on the days on which they occurred, in a notebook from which I take the statements here given. In order to give a clear idea of our procedure I mention our failures as well as our successes in the results of our sittings.

My plan was this. There are few persons who have not had the experience, when shutting their eyes either in the dark or in daylight, of 'seeing pictures,' very often of strange or irrelevant subjects passing before their mental vision. As both Emma and I had had this experience, and taking into consideration the discussion regarding 'thought-waves' or 'vibrations,' I wondered whether such pictures were not the result of these outwardly invisible 'waves'—and acting on this possibility, decided to try, with closed eyes, to get in this way a mental picture sent from the mind of the agent to the percipient. I must say that our success was beyond my own expectations.

My first experiments were made on December 20th, 1896. I acted as the percipient, Emma as the thought-sender. She said she would fix her mind on some object in the room in which we sat. As the room contained a great deal of bric-a-brac, pictures, &c., the chance of guessing the one thing selected was very small, even if we had not been anxious to learn if thought-transference were possible by this method.

I strove to keep my mind as quietly passive as possible, trying only to note distinctly any picture presented to my mental view. It was some little time before any clearly defined mind picture came. The first thing I saw was an odd-looking heating apparatus, which was over a register, but I did not see it very clearly. Then came distinctly the vision of one particular chair out of the half-dozen or more which the room contained. I very much doubted this being the object selected, but when I said, 'I see only Mrs. A.'s chair,' Emma clapped her hands in surprised delight, saying, 'Why, that is what I tried to make you see!' When I spoke of the first confused picture of the heater, she said that that was what she at first thought of fixing her mind upon, but decided later on the chair.

Experiment 2.—She wished me to see a certain photograph, one of a number on a mantel; I saw a confused heap of photographs, but not so as to distinguish one from another.

Experiment 3.—She held in her hand, concealed from view, a small cup-like silver toothpick holder. I saw a white china cup about the same size.

Experiment 4.—After I had seated myself, with closed eyes, Emma brought from the kitchen a small plate containing several

apples, over which she had spread a newspaper; these she held in her lap while I tried to get a mental impression. I saw at first some empty *fruit* baskets. Next I could only see several pitchers, such as were used to get the household milk. As she declared that neither of these pictures represented what she had in mind, I concluded that this experiment was wholly unsuccessful; and as I was somewhat tired, said, 'Well, we won't experiment any more to-day'; on which she remarked that she had been wishing that I would get through soon, as it was about time for the milkman to call and she had not got ready the pitchers for the milk and cream, so she had not been able to fix her mind as strongly on the plate of apples as she wished, on account of worrying about the milk. Then I perceived that I really had caught her dominant thought, which was in regard to the pitchers.

Experiment 5.—December 21st. On this occasion Emma acted as percipient, while I was the agent. When she was seated, with eyes closed, and her back to the adjoining room, I went into that room and took from a high mantel there a small model of a cow, in earthenware. When taking it down it clinked against something, hearing which Emma exclaimed, 'Oh, I hear that! and I think from the sound it is a knife or spoon. If it is either, don't use it this time, for I shall be sure to think of them.' I made no reply, but held the cow in one hand, covered with a newspaper. I held in mind the thought of a real cow facing her, and mentally said, 'Emma, look at that cow coming toward you! See how large its eyes are, and how it lashes its tail!' She sat quietly for a few minutes, then drew back in her chair quickly, with a surprised air, as she asked, 'Did you think of a cow?' Then I told her to look at what I held in my hand. She was much pleased, and told me she saw the cow as a real one, in front of her, but walking *backward* with its eyes fixed upon her, while its tail lashed from one side to the other. It was of the brown colour of the small earthen model.

We tried two other experiments on the same evening, but with no success, two other persons having entered the room while we were trying. We noticed afterwards that such interruptions interfered with our success. Why, I do not yet understand.

Experiment 6.—December 24th. Emma was again the percipient. After she was in position, in looking about for some object to use in the experiment, I found an empty coffee cup which had been left on a desk in an alcove. A friend at the desk objected to my use of that, since there was a possibility of the percipient guessing so common an object. Therefore I wrapped it in a handkerchief and passed into the dining-room adjoining to look for something more suitable, but not finding what I wanted concluded to use the cup, which I still held wrapped in the handkerchief. We sat for some time, but Emma seemed unable to catch any distinct picture. Thinking I might perhaps be too far away from her I went a little nearer, putting the cup covered by the handkerchief behind me, still mentally willing her to see the cup. But when she asked me 'Is it a napkin?' I inferred that for some reason the handkerchief was seen instead of the cup; so, still keeping the cup behind me, I removed the covering. She finally said she thought it of no use to try further. 'But have you seen nothing whatever?' I asked. 'Only coffee cups,' she said, in a disappointed tone. Then I showed her the cup. She was surprised, and said she had seen a cup at the first, but knowing that she had cleared away all the cups from the dining-table before we began the experiment, and having heard me enter the dining-room in search of an object, she had felt quite sure that the mind picture was wrong, and so did not mention it.

Experiment 7.—I took a silver table knife which I held in my dress pocket, my hand clasping the handle in order to help me to keep a strong impression of the object in my own mind. Very soon Emma asked: 'Is it a knife?' 'See,' I replied, as I took it from my pocket. She then said that was like the knife she saw in the mind picture, except that she could only see the blade, the handle not showing. These two experiments in which the handkerchief covering the cup suggested the thought of a napkin, and my hand covering the knife handle gave a mind picture of the blade only, are puzzling to my mind as to the proper solution, but may give some other investigator a clue to one of the underlying laws of thought-transference.

Experiment 8.—January 3rd, 1897. On first sitting down to experiment I had concealed about me a small nickel clock which I had chosen because I thought its brightness would help me

to keep its form and shape clearly in mind, as Emma was again the percipient ; but though we sat for some time and I tried my best to impress her with the picture of a clock, it was all in vain. She said all sorts of confused pictures came into her mind, yet there was nothing at all like a clock. So this was an *entire* failure.

Experiment 9.—I held an orange in my hand hidden under a newspaper. Pretty soon she said she saw the picture of a small basket, with something in it which rolled (I was turning it over and over in my hand in order to fix its shape in my own mind) ; I asked her to try and see the contents of the basket ; immediately she asked : ‘Is it oranges?’ She said she saw two or three rolling in the basket.

Experiment 10.—In this I was the percipient ; Emma the agent. She had chosen the object, after I was seated with closed eyes, from another room. I got at first several pieces of china with yellow and white figures painted on them, but as she kept silent when I spoke of them, I knew these were wrong, and I tried to see more distinctly. Then I said, ‘The only thing I got clearly is a flower vase.’ On that she laughed, telling me to look. She held in her hand a vase like the one I saw, save that its principal colours were yellow and white, like the pieces of china first seen, while the vase I clearly perceived was mainly of a bluish purple.

Experiment 11.—I was the agent, Emma the percipient. I held in my lap, covered by a handkerchief, a small cut-glass basket, almost round in form, with many tiny facets which readily caught the rays from the gas light. I said to her, mentally, ‘See this pretty basket, Emma. It is made of glass ; notice how it shines ! see how it sparkles in the light !’ It was some time before she got anything, then she got the impression of something white (the handkerchief probably). Presently I noticed that she seemed to shrink, and put her hands over her closed eyes, as if they pained her. Finally she said, ‘Is it a glass basket?’ When I told her to look, she said she had seen it plainly at the last, but at first all she could see was something painfully bright, which hurt her eyes to look at, though she could not distinguish its form. This must have been the result of the emphasis I put on its brightness, which I did because I wished her to get the thought of glass shining in the gas light.

Experiment 12.—Emma the agent, I the percipient. At first I saw a dish which appeared to me like a round tureen ; then I saw a similar dish containing what seemed very light-coloured apples and said so, but as she said ‘No !’ I tried to see further. Before I saw either of these the thought of eggs came into my mind, without any picture, and I was tempted to say so, but did not, because it did not seem probable that she would choose anything so easily broken, but on the third attempt I saw one white round thing seemingly held directly before my eyes, which looked to me like an egg. I told Emma so, but said I did not think that could be right. Then she told me to look, when I found she was holding one egg in her hand. She said she had wished me to see an earthen dish full of eggs. This came as the dish full of nearly white apples.

Experiment 13.—I was now the agent, Emma the percipient. I had during the day found among some refuse papers a bright-covered pamphlet, which I had kept hidden in my pocket for our evening experiment. It was a music-dealer’s catalogue, and on the outside cover, which was mostly a flaming red, was the picture of a girl, dressed in white, who was playing on a piano, the piano being of a dark colour. The colours being so sharply contrasted might, I thought, help me to get a well-defined image in my own mind for transference to the mind of the percipient. When she was in position, with closed eyes, I took this out, concealing it from the range of her vision by a newspaper, holding it so that I could look at it while trying to impress her to see someone playing upon a piano. At first she said there appeared to be a confusion of pictures, which did not remain long enough to be fully seen. I kept repeating mentally ‘Do you see that girl playing on a piano? Watch how her hands fly over the keys!’ I also tried to impress her to hear the music by imagining I heard it myself. First she saw bright-hued flowers (suggested, perhaps, by the bright colours on the covers); then a man dancing furiously (this may have been a secondary suggestion from the thought of music which I was trying to impress upon her mind, as was the following). Next came a man playing on a violin. As this faded from view it was several minutes before any other picture came, and I was about to say to her that we would give up the attempt, when I noticed a pleased

smile of amusement lighting up her face, as, with her eyes still closed, she began to move her hands to and fro, making the motions of one playing the piano. ‘What do you see, Emma?’ I asked. ‘A girl playing on a piano!’ she replied promptly. Then I bade her look, and she was greatly surprised at the success of this experiment, for she did not think that that was what I was trying to make her see, as she had no recollection of ever having seen the advertising pamphlet.

I have here given the results of thirteen experiments in thought-transference, as an inducement for others to try for themselves in this or any different method of investigating its possibilities. For myself I feel assured that no mere guess-work could result in giving such accurate mind pictures as we obtained. Later, we were moderately successful in obtaining suggestions, by thought-transference, of tasting pungent articles, such as salt, sugar, &c. ; also in drawing certain figures. In all these different experiments we got the best results when both parties were in a care-free state of mind, when the agent could concentrate her thinking power upon the single idea she was desirous to communicate to the percipient, and the percipient, in turn, was able to keep her mind in an entirely passive state of receptivity.

In these cases we found by experience that before the pictures came upon the mental background we each felt a distinct pressure, something like a very slight touch of an electrical battery, generally on the brow, or some part of the head. Whether this was a result of thought vibrations or some occult force I am not prepared to say. I only note the fact. When in the midst of an experiment some other persons entered the room, mental disturbance was at once felt by both experimenters, and the experiment was a failure. It was as if some counter force turned and scattered the waves of thought. I can describe it no more clearly than this.

2653, Evanston-avenue, Edgewater, Chicago, Ill.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

Our Father’s Church.

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Gilbert Elliot’s letter, several readers of ‘LIGHT’ have asked for information concerning ‘Our Father’s Church.’ There are two standard expositions of our ideas and aims, ‘The Ideal’ and ‘The Inviting.’ These I will gladly send to any address, free (though a merciful stamp for reply blesses the giver). There are also fourteen numbers of ‘Meeting Places.’ A specimen of these also I will send to all who apply.

South Norwood Hill, London.

J. PAGE HOPPS.

P.S.—Many willing friends have offered to do the bit of work I suggested. That matter is now satisfactorily disposed of.

The Divine Unity.

SIR,—There is just one objection I, and others whom I represent, have to the name given to Mr. Page Hopps’ movement. Why ascribe sex to the Deity? We can understand ‘Church of Christ’—‘of God’—‘of the Father-Mother’; but why persist in the bad and misleading old phraseology of past times? Why ascribe sex to God, and that, too, always and for ever the masculine sex? I do wish ‘The Perfect Way’ was more studied. I have been attacked most unjustly by Theosophical friends for ‘persistently bringing the idea of sex into Divine things.’ I do nothing of the sort, but the exact reverse. For in all my writings I have most carefully observed this rule or canon, viz., Never to speak of Deity or of God (manifest) as of any sex, or of one sex more than another; for in God there is neither male nor female, but both are one in the Eternal.

AUTHOR OF

‘FATHERHOOD AND MOTHERHOOD IN THE DIVINE UNITY.’

Christian Scientists.

SIR,—Mr. Fisher, in your issue of November 13th, on the subject of ‘Divine Science,’ says some of your readers will expect a reply from him, he being the *originator* of the Divine Science of Mental Healing in England. Mr. Fisher must know that this statement is not correct, as he is aware that I have been teaching Divine Science and selling its (and other) literature for several years, and I got my schooling from a lady

still in England and who was not the prime mover in the matter! He states that he belongs to the school of Divine Science, but he does not practise Divine Science nor teach it. His article in your paper is misleading, and displays ignorance of the subject. He also states that he is indebted to Spiritualism for his knowledge of this thought. How does he account, then, for sending to me in December, 1896, for the 'Lessons in Truth' and 'Directions for Beginners in Divine Science,' when he knew absolutely nothing of its teachings?

Mr. Fisher also states that it is possible to live without ever having ache or pain. I don't know if he has yet developed to that condition, but up to May 12th, 1897, he had not, as I hold a letter from him where he states he 'is greatly upset.' If so, I think that even six months of peace would not constitute him a professor nor a teacher of the healing art.

Norman-avenue, Stoke, Devonport.

G. OSBOND.

SOCIETY WORK.

193, BOW-ROAD, BOW.—On Sunday last Miss Findlay gave an address, followed by good psychometry. She also named the infant daughter of Mrs. Harrison.—H.N.

BATTERSEA PARK OPEN-AIR WORK.—On Sunday afternoon last, Messrs. Adams and Boddington, and Mrs. H. Boddington spoke as usual and were pleased to welcome an address from Mr. Love, a Spiritualist recently returned from Australia.—W.S.

72, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Peters delivered an address on 'Spirit Communion Explained,' followed by normal clairvoyance and questions answered satisfactorily. Next Sunday, December 5th, at 7 p.m. sharp, Mrs. Mason.—W.H.

ISLINGTON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, WELLINGTON HALL, N.—On Sunday last Mr. Dale delivered an address on 'Astrology: The Influence of the Sun and Planets on Our Lives.' On Thursday, at 8 p.m., members' circle; medium, Mrs. Brenchley. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Brenchley.—E.B.

EAST LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION, STRATFORD.—Next Sunday, at 7 p.m. (at the Forest Gate Centre, Liberal Hall, opposite G.E.R. station), Mr. Ronald Brailey, trance medium. Next Sunday, at 6.45 p.m. (at the Stratford Centre, Workman's Hall, West Ham-lane), 'Evangel.' Next Sunday, at 7 p.m. (Manor Park Temperance Hall), Mr. Bradley.—THOS. MCCALLUM.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MARTIN-STREET HALL, STRATFORD.—On Sunday last Mr. Renfree read an account of Judge Edmonds's passing into spirit land, after which Mrs. Barrell gave some successful clairvoyance. Next Sunday, meeting as usual; at 11 a.m., Lyceum, Mr. Wrench, conductor. There are thirty-three children at present.—WM. A. RENFREE, Secretary.

BRISTOL.—The Bristol Spiritualistic Society (Mr. Benson, 62, Park-street, president, and W. Webber, 33, Frogmore-street, secretary and treasurer) have removed from College Green to a larger and more convenient room at 24, Upper Maudlin-street, where meetings are now held every Sunday evening, at 6.30 p.m., and on Thursdays at 8 p.m. sharp. Friends interested will be welcome.—W.W.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, ST. JOHN'S HALL.—On Sunday last Mr. S. Giddings conducted the morning service, giving an interesting paper upon 'God.' In the evening, in the absence of Mr. G. Harris, through indisposition, Mr. E. G. Sadler gave a well thought-out address upon 'The Goodness of God.' On Thursday, November 25th, a social evening and sale of work was held, an enjoyable time being spent. Speaker next Sunday, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. William Scott, of Merthyr.—E.A.

MUSICAL HALL, MERTHYR TYDFIL.—On Sunday morning last we had a discussion with Mr. C. Hemmings' control about 'Does God Care?' suggested by singing 'Thy will be done.' In the afternoon the control spoke on 'Influences.' In the evening, at 8 p.m., to a good audience, considering the inclement weather, another control spoke on 'After Death the Judgment,' insisting that each individual must face the tribunal of his own conscience, which shall be both accuser and judge, and whose verdict determines each one's place in the spheres of spirit life. Mr. Muxworthy presided.—W. BILLINGSLEY.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 14, STROUD GREEN-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last the meeting was conducted by Mr. Thompson, and an address delivered by Mr. Wallace (the pioneer medium). The keynote of the meeting was the insistence upon the need for self culture, and this was emphasised by a reading given by Mr. Brooks. Friends will be glad to hear that Mr. Jones is very much better, but it is feared it will be some weeks before he will be able to resume his position in the society, and in the meantime all are earnestly invited to make special efforts to aid the work. On Sunday evening next Mr. Kinsman will deliver an address on 'Spiritualism, Ancient and

Modern,' at 7 p.m. Sunday morning, at 11 a.m., and Tuesday evening, at 8 p.m., meetings for inquirers. Wednesday, at 8 p.m., séance, for members only.—JOHN KINSMAN.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD TEMPERANCE HALL, DODDINGTON-GROVE.—Our Thursday's developing class is still well attended, and favourable progress attends the sitters. On Sunday last Mr. White spoke of the mansions we shall inhabit in the Great Beyond, and emphasised the fact—a ground fact in Spiritualism—that we must all be our own architects, and 'now,' in this life of preparation. His clairvoyance, with one exception, was fully recognised. Mr. Love followed with a short address; and responses, too, from Mr. and Mrs. H. Boddington. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Mr. Peters, clairvoyance; Thursday, at 8 p.m., public developing class. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mrs. H. Boddington.—W.S.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, CLIFTON HOUSE, 155, RICHMOND-ROAD, MARE-STREET, N.E.—On Sunday last Mr. Neander opened the meeting with a short address on our duties to our spirit friends. Mr. H. Brooks then gave an excellent discourse on Spiritualism. Mr. Gatter spoke next of his experience in automatic writing, by which he has had some remarkable tests of help and advice from other spheres. Mr. Glendinning, a veteran in the cause, also gave a few of his valuable experiences of direct spirit writing, which he produced; also of magnetic healing and direct spirit healing in cases brought to his notice. He also said that after thirty-two years of investigation he would not be without the knowledge he has obtained, for all the riches in the material world. On Sunday next Mr. Emms will give an address at 7 p.m. Members' circle at 8 p.m. on Wednesday evening; doors closed at 8.30 p.m. sharp.—H. BROOKS, Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' MISSION, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—Our Sunday morning circle was well attended, conducted by our leader, Mr. W. E. Long; clairvoyant descriptions were given and recognised. The children's Lyceum continues to be well attended. At our evening service Mr. Beal presided; Mr. W. E. Long was to have given a normal address on 'Bible Prophets and Modern Mediums,' but 'Douglas,' one of our leader's guides, gave an interesting address on 'The Spiritual Red Cross Brigade' and their ministrations to the so-called dead on the battle-field. The after-service was well attended, and very instructive. On Sunday, at 11 a.m., public circle, doors closed at 11.15 a.m.; at 3 p.m., children's Lyceum; at 6 p.m., lending library; at 6.30 p.m., Mr. W. E. Long, on 'Ancient Prophets and Modern Mediums'; at 8 p.m., members' and associates' circle. Our next social party will be on Friday, December 31st.—VERAX.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—Mrs. Green's present visit to the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists was brought to a successful close on Sunday evening last, when, considering the rough weather prevailing, there was a good attendance. The address on 'Death' met with warm approval, and the clairvoyance given was very successful, the whole of the twelve descriptions given being recognised ere the meeting dispersed. (We would here like to add that five more of the descriptions given by Mrs. Green at these Rooms last Sunday were subsequently recognised, making ten correct out of thirteen given on that occasion.) Before ascending the platform Mrs. Green intimated to the chairman (Mr. T. Everitt) that, with the assent of the audience, she would like to relate some of her personal experiences, but her spirit-attendants altered this plan, and the address upon 'Death' was given instead, much to Mrs. Green's surprise. We are of the opinion that the harmonious conditions prevailing were largely due to the fine vocal effort of Miss Hughes, whose rendering, by special desire, of the celebrated song, 'The Holy City' (S. Adams), calls for special remark. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. J. Morse, 'Spiritualism, a Nineteenth Century Reformation.' Early attendance is again requested. Doors open at 6.30.—L.H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL communications are necessarily left over for the present. H.—Next week.

B. L.—N.—We believe that the instrument is made only for the Doctor's own experiments, and not for sale. But we will inquire and let you know if you send us your full name and address.

A FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, the sum of £ , to be applied to the purposes of that Society; and I direct that the said sum shall be paid free from Legacy Duty, out of such part of my personal estate as may legally be devoted by will to charitable purposes, and in preference to other legacies and bequests thereout.

BLOOMSBURY AND VICINITY.—'LIGHT' may always be obtained of Mackenzie and Co., 81, Endell-street, Shaftesbury-avenue.